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THE
GERMAN HOTEL;

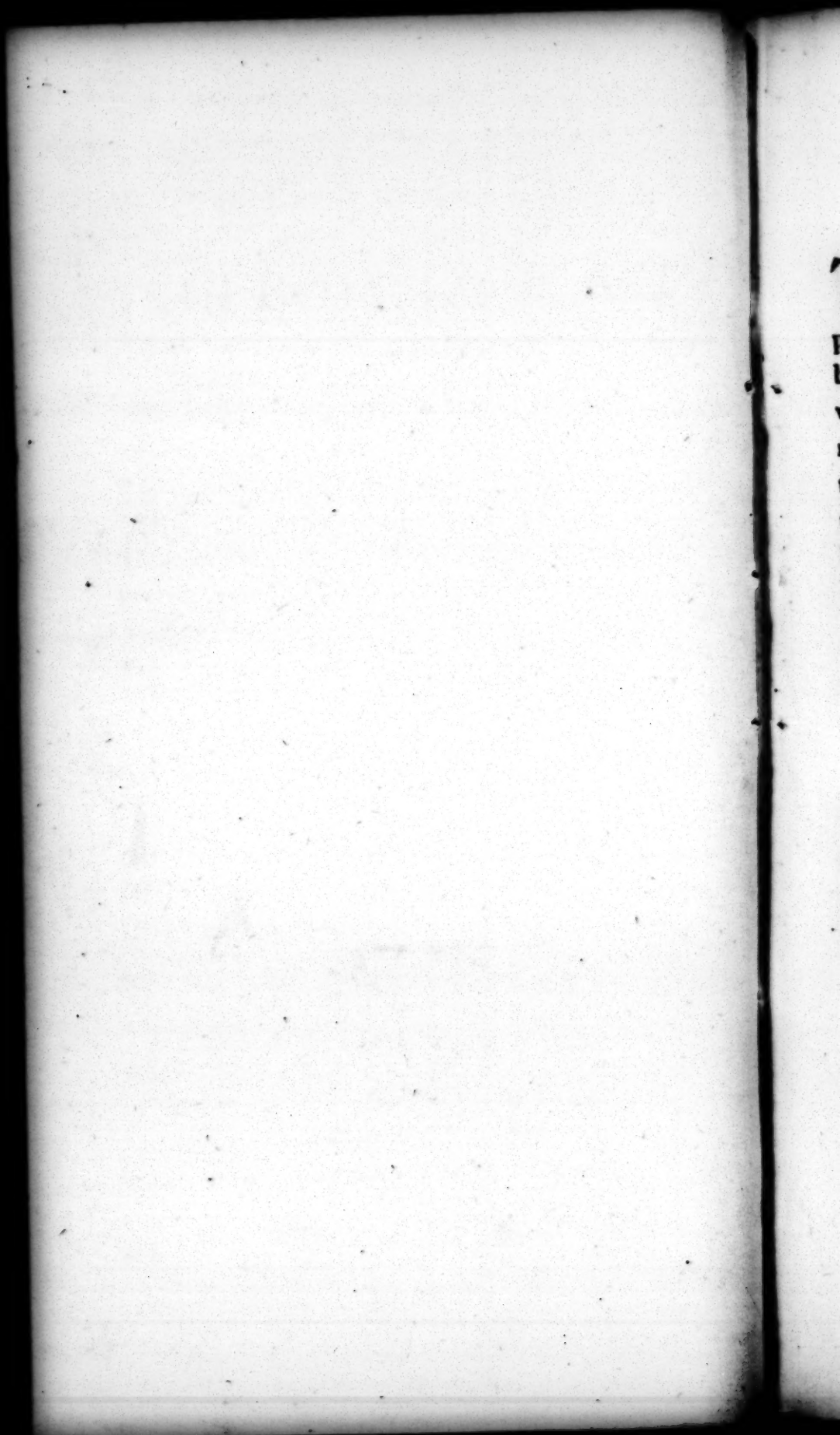
A
COMEDY,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JOHN PASLEY,
For J. JONES, No. 111, Grafton-street.

M.DCC.XCI.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE applause bestowed upon the following play, exceeded not only the Author's hopes but its intrinsic merits. For this applause it was indebted, in part, to the perspicacious manner in which the story is told, and to certain traits of nature and of feeling; but most to the exertions of the performers, whose combined talents have seldom been more efficaciously displayed. The Author's most sincere thanks are due to them, for the intelligence and passion with which they generally executed all and sometimes more than he conceived.

It would be unjust not to acknowledge that Mr. Harris used every liberal effort, on his part, previous to its representation, to render the piece as perfect on the stage as its desert would allow; and that he very warmly promoted its interest, by his advice and superintendence.

Having paid this tribute, it is equally necessary not to rob the German poet, from whom the piece is taken, of his due. The name of this poet is Brandes. He is a comedian as well as an author, and has produced several other pieces in his native language, which have been

acted in various provinces of Germany with distinguished success.

For himself, the English Author makes but few claims. His production in most of its parts is nothing more than a liberal translation; but there are others in which it is something exceedingly different. The various touches which, in consequence of difference of manners, or of taste in the writers, could not but occur, it would be in vain to enumerate. But the chief deviations are in the scenes of Count Werling. Thus much is said for the information of those who shall happen to wish to compare the two pieces.

It is necessary to remark that, in the representation, the scene closed on Mrs. Horvile at the end of the first act, before the entrance of Rummer; and that, on the stage, this manner of ending the act has a very good effect.

PRELUDE.

P R E L U D E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Frankly</i>	- - -	Mr. Bernard.
<i>Williams</i>	- - -	Mr. Davis.
<i>McCarnock</i>	- - -	Mr. Ryder.

Scene, the Piazza.

Frankly and Williams meeting.

Frankly.



SO, Ned! You are here—You never miss the first night of a new piece.

Will. Oh, no; never—There is always something to keep one alive, on the first night.

Frank. True—if bad, the diversion of damning—

Will. Yes—And if good, the still better diversion of applauding.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! You are a constant advocate for the stage.

Will. I am. Of all recreations it is the most rational, and teaches morality much more effectually than the pulpit.

Frank. Hush! Zounds, take care! You'll talk treason, man.

Will. May be so—I talk truth."

Frank. Have you heard any thing of the Piece of to-night?

Will. Not a word.

Frank. Or of the author?

Will. Neither. I determine to come with my mind unprejudiced, and therefore make no enquiries. I always endeavour to be pleased; it is the Author's fault if I am not.

Frank. Ay, you pique yourself on being a liberal critic.

Will.

Will. By no means—I pique myself on being just—The stage I hold to be a great national concern; and to praise or to blame falsely, is an act of mental suicide.

Frank. Well, I am sure not to be disappointed, for my expectations are never very high. The productions of the present age are the mere insects of a day. Nature, taste, and feeling, are become discarded vagabonds.

Will. Psha! This is the common-place cant of all times. Let nature, taste, and feeling, only make their appearance, and a thousand ready hands will ever be glad to give them welcome.

M^cCarnock (*Coming up to them*) Your fairvant, gentlemen.

Frank. Ah! Mr. M^cCarnock! How do you do? I heard you were abroad.

M^cCar. Yas—I a been axercising my old trade of a tutor; endavoring to waitamorphose boys into human beings—a heartless task, of which I'm weary. After the nurse, and the mamma, and their wese sucassors have made a booby, the tutor is called in, and required to make him a man.

Will. And what countries have you visited?

M^cCar. Troth, I have been in the varra heat of action; have wetnessed such scenes as the whole history of mankind cannot equal!

Will. They are great! They are extraordinary! They are glorious, indeed!

M^cCar. Yas, Sir! So extraordinary that, according to my arethmetic, he who has leved these three last years, has leved three thoosand. 'T'es a miraiculous epocha, and satch as the world never before saw.

Frank. Well, so you are come to assist at the funeral to-night?

M^cCar. Funeral, Sir! What funeral?

Frank. The-trial, death, and damnation of the new Play.

M^cCar. Damnation!—Haiv'n forefend, Sir!—I—I hope ye do not apprehend a party?

Frank.

Frank. Oh, ho! You seem interested, Mr. M'Car-nock.

M'Car. Me, Sir!

Frank. I suspect you are the author.

M'Car. Me, Sir?—Suspect me?

Frank. Ay, you—Who more likely?—Come, come, own the truth, and we'll promise to lend you a lift.

Will. Promise for yourself, Frankly; I make no such engagement.

M'Car. Why, Sir, ye—ye do not intend opposition—Surely ye—

Will. Don't be alarmed, Mr. M'Carnock. Whether you be or be not the author, I wish the piece success.

M'Car. (*Takes his band*) Thank you, Sir! Thank you! Thank you!

Will. I mean, I wish it may deserve success.

M'Car. Ay, ay—Wal—That's right.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Well, but tell us, are we to laugh, or cry, or go to sleep?

M'Car. Why, Sir, I—I acknowledge I—I have read the manuscript.

Frank. Ay, and written it too.

M'Car. I did not acknowledge that, Sir.

Frank. Well, but what are we to expect? Is it tragedy, or comedy, or farce, or what?

M'Car. Why, Sir, it is a—a—play—a drama, Sir, taken from the German.

Frank. A German drama! Nay, then, we may put on our nightcaps.

M'Car. Haply not, Sir. Genius is the inhabitant of all countries.

Frank. No, no—a non resident. Nobody can tell where to find him.

M'Car. Ye mistake again, Sir.

Frank. Ay! Where is he? Where does Genius live!

M'Car. Genius lives, Sir—he lives at the sign of the School for Scandal!

Frank.

Frank. Granted: but he never lives at the sign of sentiment and drama.

M'Car. Bagging yeer pardon, Sir, yeer wrong—yeer wrong—Drama is the legeetimate child of the Muses.

Frank. Pshaw! A puling, rickety, misbegotten brat! Dull as December suns! Fogs that distort Nature, damp the fancy, and chill the very soul of wit.

M'Car. (*Knocking his heel*) Ay, Sir—I see, Sir—as ye see—ye are bent on damnation—'tis varra plain—The poet may rack his brains and waste his days and nights, and raise his hopes, and, after years of study, observation, and anxiety, may come at length and place his last stake, on which his varra being depends, on the decession and approbation of the idle, the egnorant, the arrogant, and the riotous, who assemble in knots, predetermined to condemn, because to damn an author is damned high fun!

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Nothing can equal it!

M'Car. No marvel that Wesdom is daily met shivering in the streets, and Genius hiding his nakedness in a blanket!

Will. Never fear, Mr. M'Carnock, my friend Frankly is a good-natured fellow.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Not I, indeed—

M'Car. (*Walking about*) Troth, Sir, I'll tak yeer word for't.

Frank. (*Pulling out a catcall*) Here! Here is the potent instrument!

M'Car. (*increasing his pace*) Yas, Yas—I see yeer provided—I see what I'm to expect.

Frank. You, Mr. M'Carnock! Why, ha, ha, ha! You are not the author—Come, go with us, and lend us a hand—Here; I'll provide you with a weapon.

M'Car. (*Eagerly taking the catcall*) Thank ye, Sir! Thank ye!—ye need na fear—I'll apply it properly. (*Putting it in his pocket.*)

Frank.

"*Frank.* Ha, ha, ha! No doubt—I've a couple more for myself and friend. (*Shewing them.*)

"*M^cCar.* Ye have! Ah, ha! Yas, yas—ye laid "in a stock"—Who wad na be an author! (*Wiping his forehead.*)

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis the pleasantest trade upon earth.

M^cCar. Varra plaisant! Varra delightful! An author on a first night is as happy as Lucifer himself.

Will. Let us begone! We shall get no places! We shan't hear a word!

M^cCar. No matter for that—Ye may hess with the safer conscience—(*Going*) I wish ye much sport—Don't spare the poor devil!

Will. Calm your fears, Mr. M^cCarnock. Frankly. I tell you is a good-natured fellow—With respect to the audience, I have often seen too much lenity exercised, but unjust rigor never. And as to myself, though I will not applaud what I cannot approve, I would rather rob on the high way, than commit the double crime of robbing an author of his property, and murdering his fame.

Exeunt omnes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Count Werling,</i>	-	-	Mr. Quick.
<i>Count Kolberg,</i>	'	-	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Baron Thorck,</i>	-	-	Mr. Farren.
<i>Dorville,</i>	-	-	Mr. Holman.
<i>Rummer,</i>	-	-	Mr. Willson.
<i>Henry,</i>	-	-	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>William,</i>	-	-	Mr. Bernard.
<i>Stephen,</i>	-	-	Mr. Cross.
<i>Servant,</i>	-	-	Mr. Evatt.
<i>Messenger,</i>	-	-	Mr. Farley.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Dorville,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
<i>Adelaide, (her Servant)</i>	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks,

Scene, The GERMAN HOTEL.

T H E
G E R M A N H O T E L ;

A C O M E D Y .

A C T I .

SCENE, *a Hall in the Hotel, common to three Chambers, with one Door in the center, and one on each Side; Mrs. Dorville embroidering, and Adelaide knitting.*

Enter Rummer abruptly, half drunk.

Rummer.

I WANT my money—Zounds! How you stare!
My money—My rent.

Mrs. Dor. Help me, dear Adelaide, to move this hard-hearted man.

Rum. I hard hearted! Nobody understands good nature or good breeding better—only pay me my money.

Adel. My dear Mr. Rummer—

Rum. Pshaw! My rent.

Adel. [*Aside.*] The brute!

Mrs. Dor. I only request a week.

Rum. A week! My money by to-morrow at noon, or—you see—there is the door—I'm a man of my word. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Dor. We are undone, Adelaide!

Adel. Hope better, my dear mistress.

Mrs. Dor. Who shall aid us?—Aid! Ask aid! Accept of aid! See myself pitied!—Oh, barbarians!

Adel.

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Adel. There still are feeling hearts to be found.
Mrs. Dor. Where?

Adel. Few are acquainted with your misfortunes, and perhaps no one with their full extent. I, Madam, only knew you were come here to soften the anger of an irritated father; and though I did not think you absolutely rich, I little suspected the dreadful indigence—Pardon the expression—

Mrs. Dor. I would have concealed my wants even from myself, for I know how want exposes us to contempt.

Adel. How glad am I that you condescend to trust me thus far—I will shew you that your Adelaide has a grateful heart—Perhaps you think me very poor.

Mrs. Dor. (*Seriously*) Adelaide—(*changes her manner*) How is my child, my dear Emily?

Adel. She is perfectly recovered—(*timidly*) Would you—but permit me—I have money—Indeed, Madam, I would not offend you—

Mrs. Dor. I must insist!—Why do you weep!

Adel. To see myself despised.

Mrs. Dor. No, my good girl; thou hast a noble heart.

Enter Henry, followed by Dorville.

Where is thy master?

Hen. Coming up, Madam—but—

Mrs. Dor. A light! Quick, quick, Adelaide.

[*Adelaide takes a light to the stair head, Dorville enters, and throws himself into an arm chair.*]

(*Runs to her husband*) My dearest Dorville—what is the matter? Your eyes sparkle with anger—you terrify me! What has happened?

Dor. Oh the monster!

Mrs. Dor. You make me shudder!

Dor. Pardon me, dear girl! The rascal has put me beyond myself.

Mrs. Dor. Who?

Dor. This Frodenval—Daily to flatter my hopes with the promise of a place, strip me of the little I had left, then to tell me it was predisposed of—he is

is sorry—I must have patience!—But let him beware!

Mrs. Dor. My dear Dorville!

Dor. Poor, unfortunate girl!—(*A silence*) Has the landlord been with you?

Mrs. Dor. He has.

Dor. And did he threaten?

Mrs. Dor. You know his manner—

Dor. Yes; he has just given me a specimen—It was lucky for him that he escaped—(*Silence*) I see no other means! (*Starts up*)

Mrs. Dor. Where are you going, Dorville?

Dor. (*Distractedly*) I will be back presently.

Mrs. Dor. It is dark! Where would you go? What would you do? Have pity on your unhappy family!

Dor. Pity! I! Who had ever pity on me? Let me go—(*Changes his tone*) My dear Clarissa, let me go. I will either see thee happy, or—(*Breaks away*) [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Dor. Help! Adelaide! Dorville. [*Following.*]

Adel. I am terrified to death!—Run, Henry, do not lose sight of him—[*Exit Henry.*]
—I shudder for the consequences.

Mrs. Dor. (*Returning*) He is gone! (*falls in a chair*) Rage is in his eye, and despair in his heart.

Adel. Be calm, Madam!—Some one knocks—Be calm! [*Adelaide goes to the door with a light.*]

Enter Baron Thorck.

Baron. Good evening, my lovely cousin.

Mrs. Dor. Did not you meet my husband, Sir?

Bar. As I entered, some one passed me as if he were frantic! Was that Dorville?

Mrs. Dor. It was.

Bar. How? What has happened? You seem much affected!

Mrs. Dor. Oh, Sir!

Adel. (*Aside to the Baron*) We are undone! The creditors!—The landlord will not suffer us to remain in the house.

B

Bar.

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Bar. How!

Adel. And your friend, Mr. Frodenval—

Mrs. Dor. Woe to unsuspecting generosity! 'Tis ever the dupe of the designing!

Bar. But what has he done?

Adel. Robbed my master of the little money he had left.

Bar. Robbed?

Adel. Worse—Cajoled!—Made him hope for a place!

Bar. And has deceived him!—(*To Mrs. Dorville*) Why so melancholy, Madam?

Mrs. Dor. Forgive this rudeness, Sir; I cannot subdue my grief.

Bar. (*Seating himself beside Mrs. Dorville*) Oh how I pity you!—I did not suspect your misfortunes were so great—Nay they are greater than even you yourself suppose!

Mrs. Dor. What have you been saying, Adelaide?

Bar. Do not blame her—I should have heard all—But why not grant me your confidence?—Alas! You would even be happy, had you nothing to fear but the impatience of your creditors, and the knavery of Frodenval—But—I tremble to think—

Mrs. Dor. What do you mean? [*Rises.*]

Bar. Forgive me!—I may be wrong.

Mrs. Dor. Is this acting like a friend, Sir? You twenty times yesterday began to speak, and were twenty times abruptly silent—You have excited the most dreadful fears! I conjure you, be explicit!

Bar. It must—Yet—should I be mistaken?

Mrs. Dor. I perceive I am interested in your secret. Some new, some unknown misfortune—Has my father—?

Bar. No, Madam. He knows not that you are in this city.

Mrs. Dor. Speak then—relieve me from this cruel suspense!

Bar. Why should I disturb your peace!

Mrs. Dor.

Mrs. Dor. Heaven!

Bar. (*Aside, but purposely loud enough for Mrs. D. to hear*) Imprudent that I am! Why were not my lips closed?

Mrs. Dor. You keep me in agony. What has happened! I must know.

Bar. Lovely woman! Unfortunate wife!—Yet Dorville is my friend.—Oh! Would that I could doubt of his guilt!

Mrs. Dor. His guilt!

[Baron Shrugs his shoulders and sighs.]

Adel. Were this possible!

Mrs. Dor. What, Adelaide?

Adel. Mr. Dorville has secret connections, on whom his money has been wasted, and not on Frodenval—This is what I heard our landlord mutter, though I could not, cannot credit it!

Mrs. Dor. Oh mercy!

Bar. Adelaide has relieved me from the pain of uttering a secret so fatal. Oh shameful! At the very moment when his friends were redoubling their efforts to reconcile you both to Count Werling, my kinsman, and your irritated father, thus to disgrace himself! Thus to indulge his irregular appetites!

Mrs. Dor. O Dorville!

Bar. Sweetest, best of women, how are you to be pitied? during six years with him have you supported poverty, and all its insults. Pursued by the unrelenting hatred of your family, you have sacrificed health, rank, riches, parental tenderness, nay the world's esteem!—And for whom? For an ungrateful, false man! whose dissipa—

Mrs. Dor. Forbear, Sir. What can induce you thus to speak of your friend?

Bar. Pardon me! It was wrong. My zeal for your—It may be calumny: he may yet be worthy of our esteem—(*Half aside*) Ah! Why am I too well convinced he is not?—My heart, Madam, like

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your own, has its pangs—friendship and love are both struggling to conceal his—crimes!

Enter Rummer, with a candle in each hand, followed by Count Kolberg in a travelling dress. William and Stephen with the luggage.

Rum. This way, Sir—Please to follow me, Sir.

[Rummer, the Count, &c., cross and go off at the center door.]

Bar. What does this mean? Have strangers admission into your apartments, Madam?

Adel. The rooms on the right do not belong to my mistress. This is a common hall to the story.

Re-enter Rummer.

Bar. Pray, Mr. Rummer, why do you lodge strangers in that chamber?

Rum. That is my business—I believe I am master of this house, your honour.

Adel. That we know you are.

Rum. I have no words to waste on you, Miss Pert, except—my money! Do you mind me? My money.

Adel. A little patience, Mr. Rummer.

Rum. Patience is a blockhead—I have too much patience.

Bar. I believe you forget your company, Sir.

Rum. A figo for company that don't pay their bill, your honour.

Re-enter Stephen.

Now, knave! Where had you hid yourself? Make haste! Let the gentleman have his supper.

Steph. The gentleman will have no supper.

Rum. No supper!

Steph. He will neither eat nor drink.

Rum. (*Aside to Stephen.*) But he shall pay—— Put down, “to supper, five shillings.”—He ought to have supped.——

Adel. (*Overhearing.*) Very true.

Rum. I was not speaking to you.——“And “two bottles of wine to the postilions.”

Steph. The postilions had no wine.

Adel.

Adel. But they ought to have had.

Rum. Follow my orders.—(*Aloud.*) And, do you hear, lock the great gates.

Bar. You surely forget, Mr. Rummer, that I am here.

Rum. Why perhaps I know my own business almost as well as you do, your honour.—Go; make memorandums as I bid you, and come when I call.—[*Exit Stephen.*—If I have taken a glass or two, why the wine was my own—I want my money!—I'll wait no longer.—Do you understand me, Madam?

Mrs. Dor. Take whatever you can find.

[*Pointing to her apartment.*]

Rum. Take what? There is nothing to take—I want my money.

Bar. You begin to be insufferable, Mr. Rummer. What is the amount of your bill?

Rum. Will you pay it, your honour?

Bar. Yes: deliver it to-morrow.

Rum. To-morrow!

Bar. Do as I bid you.

Rum. Oh, Oh! that alters the face of affairs—Madam, I'm your very humble servant.

Mrs. Dor. (*To the Baron.*) Sir!

Bar. Be not offended, Madam—To oblige you is my greatest pleasure.

Rum. To be sure it is—I am obliging myself—only let me have my money.

Mrs. Dor. (*Aside.*) O pride! O shame! I must submit.

Adel. You are very obliging indeed, Mr. Rummer!

Rum. Why look you, it is much the same to me whether I hear a magpie or a chambermaid chatter—and so——What was I going to say?—Oh!—Is Mr. Dorville come in?

Adel. Don't you see he is not?

Rum. Hem? It seems to me now, that since he loves

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loves his diversion, he might as well spend his money in my house——Stephen! Why Stephen!

Enter Stephen half asleep.

Steph. Did you call, father?

Rum. Is that your manners, firrah, to gape before gentlefolk? You must sit up for Mr. Dorville.

Steph. Ye—es.

Rum. I'll teach you breeding, booby, before a lady who does me the honour to lodge in my hotel! Begone! Or——[*Exit Stephen.*]—They tell me he is my own son—Baw! Not a drop of his father's blood in his veins. A clownish hound!—Have you any commands for me, your honours?—None?—Why then good night, Madam; and good night, Sir: and to-morrow——

Bar. Ay, ay.—(*Aside to Rummer.*) I have something to communicate to morrow.

Rum. (*Aside.*) Hem!

[*Exit.*

Bar. 'Tis past twelve.—(*Looking at his watch.*)

Mrs. Dor. And Dorville comes not!

Bar. Be calm, Madam. Why entertain suspicions? Why add fortune to affliction?—(*Half aside.*)—A woman so lovely, left, wrong'd, condemn'd! The barbarian!

Mrs. Dor. (*With her eyes fixed on the Baron.*) Are you a friend—a true friend?—Or are you——

Bar. (*With his handkerchief to his face.*) Oh! Madam, could your severe yet beauteous eyes but read my heart.—No matter—Should my friend return to-night—Yet, no—Tell him not what my feelings are—Let not the slightest reproach escape your lips—It were an act of terror!—His hatred to me would be unconquerable—A scene might ensue!—A scene too horrible for thought!—Adelaide be cautious.

[*Exit bowing.*

Mrs. Dor. Oh Dorville! What false! False to thy Clarissa! No: 'tis the envenomed tongue of malice.—Can it, Adelaide, can it be?

Adel.

Adel. I hope, I think not, Madam. Yet what can I answer? The Baron is a man so respectable, and a friend so generous——

Mrs. Dor. But he may, he must have been deceived—Yet where is Dorville! Where at this moment is he!—His despair may have led him to destruction!—Unnatural father! Thy hatred, thy cruelty, have dug the pit into which we have fallen——(*alarmed.*)—Did not you hear a knocking at the gate?

Adel. (*Listening.*) No, Madam.

Mrs. Dor. 'Tis the hour of danger and death.

Adel. Do not encourage terror, Madam; you know he sometimes stays out later.

Mrs. Dor. But he never left me thus—Thou knowest him, Adelaide!—His parting words resound in my ear—I will either see thee happy, or——Dreadful insinuation!

Adel. How pale you are! You terrify me, Madam.

Mrs. Dor. Thou knowst that marble-hearted man Count Werling, my once tender father, he who abjured his child!—When I am dead, when his prayers are heard, go to him; tell him his disinherited Clarissa, driven from his paternal bosom, blessed him with her parting breath: present my child, my Emily to him; and should he reject her, should he be thus barbarous, press her to thy heart, Adelaide, and let her be thy daughter!

Adel. Talk not of dying, Madam.—(*Listens.*)—I hear a noise!

Mrs. Dor. (*Alarmed.*) Hark!

Adel. Perhaps it is my master.

Mrs. Dor. Quick, a candle.

Rumour bursts into the chamber, in his night-cap, &c. followed by Henry.

Rum. I told you so; I told you how it would be!

Mrs. Dor. Heavens!

Adel. What!

Rum. He is dead! Stark dead!

[*Mrs. Dorville sinks in a chair.*
Adel.

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Adel. Who is dead? Who?

Rum. Your master!—Ask Henry, he saw it all.

Adel. Oh, my dear mistress! Help, Henry! Help, good Mr. Rummer!

Rum. What would you have me do? I am no doctor!

Adel. Where shall I get help?—Pray, Sir!—Dear Sir!—

Rum. Stay, stay, I'll fetch you a glass of water.

Mrs. Dor. (*Recovering.*) Is he dead?—[*To Henry.*—]—Speak!

Hen. (*Weeping.*) I don't know, Madam; but I am afraid—

M. Dor. Where is he? Where? How did you leave him?

Hen. I followed him, Madam, as fast as I could, but when he perceived me, he turned suddenly round, and bade me come and tell you, Madam, that he was gone in search of Mr. Frodenval. I endeavoured to speak, but he drew his sword, and so I was obliged to keep at a distance: but I did not lose sight of him; so I saw him walk backward and forward, till at last Mr. Frodenval came out of a coffee-house; so then I heard the clashing of swords, and called as loud as I could for help; so before the guards came up, I saw my master at his length on the pavement, bathed in his blood!

[*Mrs. Dorville faints.*

Adel. She is dying! She is dead! Oh goodness! Help! Take hold!

[*Henry and Adelaide carry Mrs. Dorville off in a chair.*

Re-enter Rummer with a glass of water in one hand and brandy in the other.

Rum. Here—I have brought you water of two sorts; your simple water and your strong water.

Re-enter Henry.

Here, recommend this to your mistress—Double distilled—

Hen. What, brandy!

Rum.

R m. The balsam of life—Never fails in a fainting fit.

Hen. Leave us to ourselves. [Exit.]

Rum. Well, If you won't have it I will—(*Drinks.*) I know what is good for myself.—Henry! Henry!

Hen. (*Within.*) What do you want?

Rum. I hough you don't like my brandy, perhaps you may my water.

Enter Henry.

Hen. Oh yes; give me the water. [Exit.]

Rum. Ha, ha, ha! The blockhead!—(*Drinks.*) Henry! Henry! Do you hear! Lo—'r—lock your doors! Pu—pu—put out your candles! Take care of your fire.—Poh! Hoo! I know what I am about.—(*Reels.*)—And Henry!—(*Louder.*) Why Henry!

Hen. (*Within.*) What do you want?

Rum. (*Recollecting.*) Don't make such a noise!—Hush! Don't wake the gentleman!—(*Reels.*) Go soberly to bed!—Dorville dead—Excellent!—The wife a widow—Just what we wish!—The Baron will have her—(*Staggers toward the door.*)—We—we are in high luck—A man murdered—and a man to be married—Humph!—Why that is what may be called—death and the devil.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Hotel.*

Enter the Baron.

Baron, (looking round)

WHERE is this landlord! I thought I saw him this moment. [*Enter Rummer.*] There is no corner, Mr. Rummer, in all your Hotel, in which a man is not afraid of being overheard.

Rum. So much the better. The more guests the more money.

Bar. I have but a word to say. (*Looking.*) Are we safe?

Rum. Come a little this way—And now—I wish you joy!

Bar. Of what?

Rum. There's a question! You do not know that Dorville is dead!

Bar. I know he's alive.

Rum. How! Did not Henry bring the news?

Bar. He was mistaken. His master fell, the guard came up. Frodenval fled, and Dorville, slightly wounded, was seized.

Rum. Well, but he is in prison then?

Bar. The governor has set him free, at my request.

Rum. At your request!

Bar.

Bar. At mine.

Rum. And why?

Bar. That I may make a merit of the act to Mrs Dorville. Not to mention, that, had he continued in the hands of justice, discoveries might have been made—I have a better project—Within this hour he will be privately secured by the Count.

Rum. (*Half frightened.*) Does the Count know he lodges at my hotel?

Bar. By no means. I informed him that Dorville was concealed in the city, but was careful not to mention where. I have so taken my measures that I will warrant you we have neither of us any thing to fear.

Rum. Well, well. Yet, do you know, I was thinking of all this t'other day, and—

Bar. And what?

Rum. Will you take my advice?

Bar. Let me hear it.

Rum. Why should not you go and plainly tell the Count—Sir, I love your daughter—Yes, Sir, I am in love with her, Sir—And—and—and then the Count would have Dorville carried off—

Bar. And the marriage contract annulled.—

Rum. To be sure! And then the lady is your own.

Bar. You mistake. She would hate me for having deceived her husband. Beside, an explanation might take place between the father and daughter—No; I must inspire her with jealousy; must make her hate an ungrateful husband.

Rum. Well, I have always said you were as cunning as she—You see I do all I can to serve you. I dun, I torment, I overcharge them. Oh! if you had but heard me last night.

Bar. Yes; but hereafter you must be a little more civil. Endeavour to gain her confidence, to—

Rum. Oh leave me alone! I know more tricks than one.

Bar.

14 THE GERMAN HOTEL;

Bar. Succeed only in this, and you shall immediately be paid the hundred ducats.

Rum. Oh, Sir!—But, talking of ducats, last night you know you—you promised to pay—Mr. Dorville's bill.—There it is.

Bar. Pooh! You know very well what I meant by that.

Rum. You meant to pay, to be sure. I must have my money.

Bar. Here, here; take these two pistoles; they are your own.

Rum. Humph!—Why—Indeed—But the bill.

Bar. You may depend on my word—Do not fail to tell them it is paid. (*Looks round.*) We must not be seen together. I will go and inform Mrs. Dorville her husband is safe, and at liberty—I must show the excess of my friendship for him—Be cautious! [*Exit.*]

Rum. Ha! you are too cautious I see to pay my bill—Things seem to look promising, but I don't know what may be the upshot of all this. I will lie, and cheat, as much as you please, good Mr. Baron, to oblige you; but then my money—Oh, I must have my money.

Enter William in slippers, his hair in papers.

Will. Good day, landlord—(*Looking round.*) Who were you talking to?

Rum. Myself. Have you any thing to say to that?

Will. Nothing—only let my master have his breakfast: he is going out.

Rum. So early!

Will. In less than an hour; make haste.

Rum. Please not to be in a hurry.

Will. You seem to be a very civil landlord!

Rum. Seem to be! I think I am.

Will. No doubt.

Rum. Hark you! Who is your master?

Will. My master is——Why do you ask?

Rum. Because I want to know. What's his name?

Will.

Will. I have a bad memory—can't remember names.

Rum. What's his rank!

Will. His rank? He—You've a great deal of curiosity.

Rum. To be sure I have! If we do not know the rank of our guests, we may either pay them too much respect or not enough.

Will. You need not be afraid of the too much. *(Going, turns back)*—Oh! I forgot—where does Count Werling live?

Rum. Count Werling! What do you want with him?

Will. I want to know the house where he lives.

Rum. I have a bad memory—Can't remember houses.

Will. No! then I must enquire of somebody that can. Ho!lo! Waiter! Young man! *(Calling to some one behind the scenes.)* Where does Count Wer—

Rum. *(Clips his hand on his mouth and looks cautiously round.)* Zounds! How you bawl! He lives in the great square.

Will. Thank you.

[Going.]

Rum. And if your master has any favour to solicit of the Count, I—I may be of service to him.

Will. You!

Rum. I—provided—

Will. Provided!

Rum. Yes, provided—I have a brother who visits the Count every day.

Will. Indeed!

Rum. Yes, indeed! Where's the wonder? Between ourselves, my brother is the Count's—barber.

Will. His barber! Gad we're in luck. A barber, without a joke, is often a man of consequence. Well, do not fail to recommend us to the protection of your brother, the barber, and in the mean time send in my master's breakfast.

[Exit.]

Rum.

16 THE GERMAN HOTEL;

Rum. What can he want with Count Werling? They may be friends! The Count may return the visit, and meet his daughter here! The Baron must be told of this directly—directly.

Enter Adelaide.

Adel. Good morrow, Sir. Will you send in our breakfast?

Rum. Don't be in a hurry. Will the Baron stay long with your mistress?

Adel. I can't say. Are you waiting for him?

Rum. He—m.—No, no—I only want to—Is your mistress better?

Adel. Yes, heaven be praised!

Rum. A bad husband is a bad thing—Given to women.—If I had not been a tender-hearted fool, you would have taken up your lodgings in the street last night—But I must have my money.

Adel. (Smiles.) Still your money!

Rum. Yes, still my money. It's no laughing matter. The baron has not paid me, and—

Adel. Has not paid you!

Rum. No, I say; has not paid me.

Adel. Astonishing! He this minute told my mistress he had.

Rum. May be so. He may have told your mistress; and he may mean to pay me; or he may not.

Adel. What is the amount of your bill?

Rum. What business is that of yours?

Adel. You are very insolent!

Rum. Insolent! Insolent!

Adel. I want to know the sum. I mean to pay the bill.

Rum. You!

Adel. I—quick, quick!

Rum. You pay my bill! Ha, ha, ha!

Adel. Yes, I.

Rum. Oh ho! We shall soon see that—You pay my bill! Ha, ha, ha! Here; here it is. To dinners, suppers, coffee, tea, &c. &c. for the space of

two

two months and one day, thirty pounds seventeen shillings and six-pence.

Adel. Thirty pounds, seventeen shillings, and six pence!

Rum. To a farthing.

Adel. Mr. Rummer!

Rum. Well!

Adel. You—you have certainly forgotten the wine for the postillions!

Rum. I see you mean to put me in a passion.

Adel. You ought to be ashamed, Mr. Rummer, of your charge, knowing how little we have had, and the melancholy situation of my poor mistress!

Rum. What's her melancholy situation to me? I must have my money; or, do you mind me, no breakfast.

Adel. (*Aside.*) Wretch!—You shall have your money, Sir!

Rum. Shall!

Adel. (*Takes out her pocket book.*) Here is a bill, payable at sight, on your neighbour, Mr. Mandel, the merchant. It is for a hundred pistoles. Get the money, and give me the remainder.

Rum. A hundred!—(*Reads.*) Please to pay to Adelaide Arkholtz—Why sure! And do you mean to pay the debts of your mistress!

Adel. I mean to pay you, Sir—Please to give me your bill and receipt—And take especial care not to give my mistress the least hint.

Rum. This is excellent!

Adel. Make haste—and remember—secrecy!

Rum. (*Smiling to himself.*) So, so! She's rich, I find!—Handsome!—Would just suit my Stephen—or—Egad she would just suit myself—Stephen's a booby! I'm the man—Zounds! Here this fellow comes again—Would have opened my mind to her.—(*Aloud.*) I'll run and receive the money, and then—You and I will talk further. (*Significantly.*)

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter William.

Will (*Perceiving Adelaide as she crosses.*) Gadzooks this is a pretty girl! Your humble servant, fair maid. If I don't mistake you are the lovely attendant of that handsome lady, whom we yesterday saw in the ball.

Adel. At your service, Sir. And you the faithful follower of the old gentleman, whose port-manteau you was carrying.

Will. Hem! The very same.

Adel. Pray, may I be permitted to ask——

Will. Yes, yes,——

Adel. Who that gentleman is?

Will. Hu—mph—That gentleman is—incognito.

Adel. And his name is——

Will. E—is—a secret. But who are you, my charming girl! Who is your mistress?

Adel. Hu—mph—my—mistress is—incognito.

Will. Ha! that's odd enough. May I——

Adel. Hush! Here comes my mistress.

Will. Then good by for the present, I must attend my master.

Enter Mrs. Dorville.

Mrs. Dor. Who is that young man?

Adel. The servant of our new neighbour. But where is the Baron, Madam?

Mrs. Dor. He went down the back stairs. I have been unjust to him, Adelaide; he is a generous and sincere friend. To him am I indebted for my husband's freedom.

Adel. But, why, Madam, are you continually in tears?

Mrs. Dor. Have I not cause?—This quarrel with Frodenval! These suspicions of the Baron's, who imagines Frodenval to be enamoured of the mistress of my ungrateful husband!—Oh! should his suspicions be true!

Enter Stephen, taking coffee into the Chamber of the Count, and Rummer with a tea-board.

Rum. (*With great civility.*) Good morrow, Madam!

dam! I wish you a very good morrow! I have brought you your tea.

Mrs. Dor. Why did you take that trouble yourself, Sir?

Rum. Oh, Madam, I think it no trouble to wait upon you, Madam!—That is, now that I am paid—All is right, Miss; I have seen Mr. Mandel; he will send me the money in an hour.

Mrs. Dor. What money? (*Adelaide makes signs to Rummer which Mrs. Dorville perceives.*) I beg, Sir, you would inform me what money.

Rum. Why—it is—You see Miss is making more signs, Madam—Lord! Miss, you may depend on my discretion!

Adel. So it seems!

Rum. But promise not to flee at me any more, or I'll tell all.

Adel. Better and better!

Rum. What matters it to me? I shall have my money, so I leave you to settle affairs with Madam.

Mrs. Dor. I insist, Mr. Rummer, on your being explicit.

Rum. Why, Madam, the thing is this. Miss has given me a good bill, and I shall be paid.

Mrs. Dor. For what?

Rum. There's a question! For your board and lodging, Madam.

Mrs. Dor. Mine! The Baron promised—

Rum. Yes! The Baron promised, and Miss performed.

Mrs. Dor. You forget, Adelaide, what I said to you last night! It is I, Mr. Rummer, who am in your debt; and I beg you to return her bill.

Rum. Return! Ha, ha, ha! That's good. Return? When? A bird in the hand—Settle it between you.—(*Aside.*) However I must find out what all this means!

[*Exit Rummer with the tea, and returns to listen.*]

Mrs. Dor. Adelaide!—We must part. Perhaps I shall find some means to repay you the money.

Adel.

Adel. It was but yesterday, Madam, that you kindly appointed me the second mother of your Emily.

Mrs. Dor. I did; but——

Adel. I'll not give up my claim. I'll sooner be spurned, sooner perish? Did not I tell you, Madam, some time ago, that a rich relation had made a will in my favour? This relation is dead. I received a remittance yesterday.

Mrs. Dor. I am glad to hear of your good fortune.

Adel. A thousand times you have told me, Madam, that were you wealthy I should never want. I am a rich girl, and you at present are poor. I am your fellow creature, though your servant. Will you refuse me the common privilege of assisting a mistress whom I dearly love.

Mrs. Dor. Adelaide! (*Silence.*) My friend! (*Embraces her with transport.*) My best friend! I have wronged thee.

Rum. Zounds now its very moving! I can't believe my eyes—She certainly is a sort of a good kind of girl.

Adel. What, Sir, you have been watching us?

Rum. Humph!—I only had a—peep. But what of that?

Adel. You are paid, Sir; leave us.

Rum. Well, well; no airs, and I'll do any thing to oblige you—Do now let me speak a word in private with you.

Adel. Presently, presently.

Rum. And I in the mean time will go and study what to say [Exit.

Enter Henry, and soon after Dorville.

Hen. (*Joyously.*) Here he is, Madam! Here is my master!

Dorville enters with an air of gloom.

Mrs. Dor. (*Running and affectionately catching his hands.*) Ah! Derville!

Dor.

Dor. Clarissa! I have alarmed, have given you pain.

Mrs. Dor. But you are returned, and all my griefs are forgotten.

Dor. I and misfortune are returned together.

Mrs. Dor. Misfortune!

Dor. 'Tis my shadow, 'tis myself. But for me, Clarissa would be happy!

Mrs. Dor. Cruel! Happy without thee!

Dor. Melt not my heart by tears—The hour approaches when we must for ever separate! Steel your bosom and weep not.

Mrs. Dor. Separate! Part for ever? Why could you, Dorville? Could you?

Dor. When I am gone, fathers will forgive—An abyss opens beneath my feet! Leave me, Clarissa! Forsake me? or with me be ingulphed!

Mrs. Dor. Ay, with you. Forsake! Abandon my husband!

Dor. Or perish! I have not wherewith to provide thee food; no, not bread. What, beg with me! Ask charity of the rich and insolent! And, when asked, who would grant? Amid the rank riots of gluttony behold my wife, my child expire with hunger!

Mrs. Dor. We are not yet thus wretched: there still is human kindness; we still have friends.

Dor. Traitors!

Mrs. Dor. The Baron——

Dor. (*Abruptly.*) Is he your friend, or mine?

Mrs. Dor. The friend of both.

Dor. A hypocrite!—But let him tremble!

Mrs. Dor. Why these unjust suspicions? has he offended you by reproach? Has he wrongfully accused you? Pardon his mistake. He may judge rashly, but he is a true friend.

Enter Rummer.

Rum. Your servant, Mr. Dorville! Your honour's humble servant! Glad to see you safe at home! You are so hasty;—

Dor.

Dor. Sir!

Rum. Your quarrel with Mr. Frodenval might have been a sad business! But thank God and good friends! Thank the Baron, who generously procured your freedom.

Dor. The Baron! Indebted to the Baron for my freedom!

Mrs. Dor. Yes.

Dor. Pshaw.

Rum. Why did not you know that? Ah! An you had seen him last night, when the news came that you were murdered—And your good lady too! Gone! As dead as David—For my part I ran, and—Didn't I? (*To Adelaide.*)

Adel. Yes; you were doubly diligent, though no doctor.

Dor. You wished to turn my wife into the street.

Rum. I! Oh dear no—I only asked with all civility for my money—your honour.

Dor. You are an impertinent unmannered clown!

Rum. Who I!—your honour.

Dor. An insolent fellow! But I'll teach you better behaviour—

Rum. Don't—don't pray your honour be in a passion, your honour; though you must not suppose I am afraid. Your lady might fall into fits again, or you should see what I would say, your honour.

Dor. Say, Scoundrel!

Rum. Your honour!

Mrs. Dor. My dear Dorville!

Rum. Ay, dear, your honour; I beseech your honour!

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Pray did not a gentleman arrive here last night?

Rum. (*Recovering from his fright*) Yes; do you want him? Who sent you?

Foot. My master—Count Werling.

Dor. (*Aside, and alarmed*) Count Werling!

Mrs.

Mrs. Dor. My father!

[*Aside.*

Foot. The Count is below in his carriage; be so good as to announce him to the gentleman.

Rum. No hurry, friend, no hurry.

[*Exeunt Rummer and Footman on opposite sides.*

Mrs. Dor. Quick! Let us withdraw, my dear Dorville, lest my father should here surprise his daughter.

Dor. Legions of demons are up in arms against us!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-ent' r Rummer, observing them.

Rum. Ah, ha! Mr. Dorville! You have just been frightening me; you are now frightened yourself—Patience! You shall pay dearly for your airs! If I do not make you take to your legs, or take to a halter, my name is not Rummer—Oh that he had met his father-in-law the Count! But he'll hide himself safe enough now.

Foot. (*Without*) This way, your Lordship.

Rum. Zounds!—Coming, your lordship—Your honour!

[*Exit hastily.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE. *Count Werling and Count Kolberg.**Count Kolberg.*

I DARE not attend you, farther. I tremble lest I should be discovered.

Count Wer. Pshaw! Fear nothing, Count; have patience but for two hours, and I'll be answerable for your security.

Count Kol. How shall I thank you?

Count Wer. Damn your thanks—Give me your hand—An't I your friend?

Count Kol. The best of friends, though I long thought you my enemy.

Count Wer. A trick—I abused you that I might serve you the more effectually. Courtiers dissemble to do mischief, and pray why should not a courtier for once dissemble to do good?

Count Kol. I feel your generous motives.

Count Wer. But what! What?—'Tis some years since you were forced to fly—And?—Hey; No news? No intelligence of your son? No clue? No letters?

Count Kol. None. He was on his travels when I was so unexpectedly disgraced. I was obliged to abscond, and knew not where he was, nor did I know where I myself could find safety, therefore could not inform him of the place of my retreat.

Count Wer. Well, well, don't let that disturb you. I warrant your son will soon find you when you have again

again found rank and riches. It is your poor fathers only that are never inquired after—Yet no—no—I—I am a blockhead—I am myself a proof that neither rank, riches, nor all the kindness of the fondest father can influence an ungrateful child!

Count *Kol.* My Lord!

Count *Wer.* (*With cholerick tenderness*) But I have done with her—I renounce her—'Tis false—She renounced me—

Count *Kol.* Your daughter?

Count *Wer.* No daughter of mine.

Count *Kol.* Your Clarissa!—Surely her affection was unparalleled.

Count *Wer.* (*With anger and tenderness still struggling*) It was!—It was! It was! The sweetest, tenderest—She's a viper—Such softness in her voice, such affection in her looks—A basilisk!—No matter!—Its all over!—I have lost a child, and she has lost a father—(*Wipes his eyes and struggles with his feelings*) Oh no, I'm quite resigned—She never enters my thoughts. At present I make it a rule every day of my life to determine never to hear or speak or think of her more.

Count *Kol.* You amaze me!

Count *Wer.* She has wrung my heart—For years she has kept me in hope, suspense, and anguish.

Count *Kol.* But how, my Lord?

Count *Wer.* Eloped—with a villain whom I in pity received into my house.

Count *Kol.* Eloped for years, and never returned to implore forgiveness?

Count *Wer.* Never, never. Her mind perverted, her affection estranged—

Count *Kol.* And have they not written?

Count *Wer.* Yes; her paramour—her husband—has written letters that would make you shudder to read—An insolent traitor—black at the heart—But the moment of vengeance is come!

Count *Kol.* Have you made any discovery?

Count

26 THE GERMAN HOTEL;

Count *Wer.* Last night I obtained information that he and his—wife, have been for several weeks concealed in this city. I instantly procured an order from my sovereign—He shall suffer for his treachery—But I must forget the reptile—I must be gone, your safety must not be trifled with.

Enter the Baron, who starts at seeing Count Werling.

Ah, my good nephew, are you here—Come forward, man, come forward—I have the honour, Count, to present Baron Thorck to you, my kinsman, my friend, and my adopted son and heir.

Bar. (Insinuating) My dear Lord, and generous, noble kinsman!

Count *Kol.* I shou'd congratulate you, Sir, with more satisfaction, were not your happiness founded on the misery of the daughter of my friend.

Bar. That is, indeed, a bitter thought—*(Sighs)* Ah! With what pleasure would I sacrifice my life to restore an only child to the bosom of my benefactor! But—alas!—

Count *Wer.* Well, but what business have you here, my good nephew?

Bar. I, I, I am come to inquire after a friend who, I am told, lodges in this hotel.

Count *Wer.* Well, well, but, hey? You have given orders to secure the villain, the seducer of—

Bar. Of your daughter!—I have, my Lord. Within an hour—

Count *Wer.* Thank you, nephew, thank you—A dungeon and bread and water be his doom! *(looks at his watch)* The King by this time is at his levee. Set your heart at ease, my friend—I will be with you again presently. [Exeunt.]

[Count Kolberg returns to his chamber; the Baron obsequiously attends Count Werling.]

Enter Adelaide looking round with anxiety

Alcl. They are gone—How have we been terrified! Who can this stranger be? Count Werling seems to have much friendship for the Baron. I begin.

gin to have some doubts : I thought I heard a word which has raised very strange suspicions.

Re-enter Baron.

Bar. Well, Adelaide ! I suppose you have all been alarmed.

Adel. We have indeed.

Bar. I was much afraid lest Mr. or Mrs. Dorvil'e should have made their appearance ; all would then have been over.

Adel. Oh, they took good care.

Bar. I must immediately provide them with other lodgings. (*With a sneer of self-reserve*)

Adel. Pray do ; we are not safe here. What said the Count ?

Bar. He always appears to think of his daughter with tenderness ; but I tremble for her husband !

Adel. [*Afide*] Humph ! (*Aloud*) For that matter, I scarcely know what he does not deserve. You cannot imagine how he treats my poor mistress !

Bar. Are you serious ?

Adel. He is now become jealous.

Bar. Hem ! Jealous ! Of whom ?

Adel. That's a very natural question from you, to be sure !

Bar. Hem ! How so ?

Adel. Let me advise you to be cautious.

Bar. Me !

Adel. You ! But do not betray me.

Bar. You surely forget whom you are talking to.

Adel. Indeed, to say the truth, my master seems to have some cause for his suspicions.

Bar. You are out of your senses !

Adel. Nay, but don't be angry ! I may perhaps be mistaken with respect to you, but I am well persuaded there are terrible battles, (*Significantly*) between love and virtue, in the heart of my poor mistress !

Bar. (*Suspicious*) Mrs. Adelaide, you are disposed to be merry to day !

D

Adel.

Alf. And you, good sir Baron, to dissemble. Why so reserved? Why so scrupulous? Do you think that poverty, a father's hatred, and the tyranny of a suspicious, faithless husband, make no impression on a woman, conscious of her sufferings and her worth? Do you think the tender heart of a female insensible to all the assiduous, soothing attentions of a kind and generous friend?

Bar. Do you speak from your heart?

[*With his eyes fixed on her.*]

Adel. (*Feigns bashfulness at having said too much*) Why—

Bar. (*Transported*) Can it be possible! (*Adelaide discovers her emotions; the Baron suspects and resumes his former apparent indifference*) Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes—as you say—Ha, ha—! My friend has cause to be jealous, no doubt—but pray do me the favour to tell me of whom?

Adel. (*With forced pleasantry*) It is very difficult to guess, indeed! We are honoured with the visits of two gentlemen, one is the very amiable Mr. Rummer, the other is (*curtessing*) Baron Thorck—Can you conjecture now?

Bar. (*Gravely*) Really, Mrs. Adelaide, you are in the clouds! Wholly above my comprehension! I am, it is true, the friend of your mistress, and shall remain the friend of your master, while I believe him to be worthy my friendship. Go; be kind enough to tell him I am here, and that I wish to speak with him.

Adel. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit with suspicion on her countenance.*]

Bar. Artful, treacherous hussy! I doubt I half betrayed myself. Yet what if I were mistaken! What if she were sincere!—No matter: I will hazard nothing. My hopes must soon be accomplished. Orders are given: Dorville will immediately be seized and imprisoned—(*Reflects*) Or, what if I were to shew him the mandate, and induce him to fly?—Then another forged letter!—Excellent!—Prudence and Dispatch!—

Enter

Enter Dorville.

Dor. Well, Sir, what are your commands with me?

Bar. Not so warm, Mr. Dorville! It is my wish that we should continue friends.

Dor. Of that I doubt.

Bar. I see you do! Weak man! Who dare not listen to the voice of truth.

Dor. Of perfidy! Of insult! But beware!

Bar. Sir!—yet—I am calm—Speak—I will hear all you can utter, and my friendship shall remain unshaken.

Dor. I reject and despise such friendship.

Bar. Then I will aid you in your own despite.

Dor. Me! Or my wife?

Bar. Nay, this is insupportable.

Dor. You are not acquainted then with Frodenval?

Bar. A—ha—hem! Frodenval? Ye—n—yes, yes—I am acquainted with him—I—I know him to be a cowardly but a dangerous enemy; a vile retailer of scandal, who has told me a thousand black falsehoods of you.

Dor. And me as many truths of you!

Bar. Must it be among your misfortunes continually to have your ear open to your enemies, and shut to your friends? But revenge is in my power; the sweetest of revenge; that of saving my friend, and making him blush at his own credulity. Farewell

Dor. Stay, Sir; justify yourself!

Bar. This is too much!

Dor. Answer me!

Bar. What must I answer? What is my crime?

Dor. Frodenval visited me this morning in the prison, and confessed he had wronged, had deceived me; but swore the plot was yours, that you had vowed my destruction, because you were in love with my wife! We were interrupted, and he left me to solicit my release.

Bar. He! Implacable demon! not only would

he plunge you in all the wretchedness of poverty, but would destroy your sweet peace of mind, and rob you of my friendship, your last and only support! Monster! Who can say? Is he not himself in love with your wife! My defence, however, is ready—It was I who obtained your freedom.

Dor. You!

Bar. Enquire; the truth may instantly be known—I in person—By your jealousy I own I am humbled. Am I! Am I capable of such ignominious meanness? The wife of my friend! Yet am I still more astonished at your want of thought! Recollect yourself, Dorville! Did I seek, how easily could I effect your destruction! A word to the Count, one word only, informing him that you are here, and you were lost! Separated for ever from your wife! For ever inclosed in a dungeon!

Dor. True, true, true! It is indeed too true! I blush! I hate myself! Forgive me!

Bar. There spoke my friend

Dor. That villainous Frodenval!

Bar. Forget him—Come with me; I have something to say—In this house we may be overheard—A thing of the last importance to communicate!

Dor. To injure thus the best of friends!

Bar. Mention it not—A true friend will pardon his friend's failings. Time is precious; let us be gone—

Enter Rummer.

Bar. Mr Rummer, I am by no means satisfied with your behaviour to my friend. Be more respectful, I advise you. Have no fears for your money. I am answerable for all.

Dor. Be kind enough to wait a moment; I will be back immediately.

[*Exit Dorville into his own apartment.*]

Rum. Well, Sir!

Bar. Dorville will immediately be disposed of.

Rum. Why not have left him where he was exceedingly well disposed of?

Bar.

Bar. Oh! Had I not released him, all had been ruined! I had my fears of that traitor Frodenval.

Rum. Has he blabbed?

Bar. Yes; but I have acted my part so well that Dorville has been ready to kneel and beg my pardon! He is so credulous there is no merit, and but little pleasure, in deceiving him.—(*Raising his voice.*)—I tell you once again, Mr. Rummer, you have nothing to fear. I am responsible.—

Re-enter Dorville with his sword.

Let us be gone.

Dor. I am ready.

Bar. Pray, Mr. Landlord, don't forget what I have said. Mind the—the lesson I have given you.

Rum. Depend upon me—your honour. I'll mind my lesson.

Bar. Now, Dorville, you shall find what a friend I am —(*Glancing at Rummer.*)

Exeunt the Baron and Dorville.

Rum. Good journey to—your honour!—With I could see this Adelaide.—'Twould be a prime match! —(*Calls, in an under voice.*)—Adelaide! Miss Adelaide!

Enter Adelaide, from Dorville's apartment.

Adel. Your commands, gentle Sir?

Rum. Don't speak so missish—I am a gentle Sir—I've brought you the money.—Hold out your pretty taper fingers.—My bill, you know, is thirty pounds, seventeen shillings, and six pence.

Adel. And six pence.

Rum. And six pence—And here is your change.

Adel. (*Reckoning*) Very right.—(*Going.*)

Rum. Nay, Miss, but a few words with you.

Adel. The fewer the better.

Rum. Look you now! I—I have a proposal to make.

Adel. Let it be a short one.

Rum. He, he, he! You—you—you are a very pretty girl.

Adel. Tell me some news.

Rum. Do you read nothing in my eyes?

Adel. Humph! Why they begin to twinkle.

Rum. He, he, he!—Ah! the sweet little hussy! What would you think now, if — Here's a soft hand!—What would you think—You know I am a widower.—

Adel. And so!

Rum. What would you—This house belongs to me; stock and trade; both good cellars and stables full; my character known.

Adel. Yes. Well!

Rum. A civil landlord—He, he, he!—only want a handsome landlady—Hay! What do you think?—Humph? What do you think?—Hay?

Adel. Think?

Rum. Humph? Hay? Yes; think.

Adel. I think you are a very—pleasant—polite—

Rum. An't I? Humph?—Should not I be an agreeable companion for life?

Adel. Oh charming!—So you are in love with me?

Rum. Head and ears! But tell me, tell me now—I know you are rich—How much? Humph? Hay?—How many hundreds?

Adel. Hundreds? Pshaw!

Rum. What then, thousands? Don't, don't think though that I—I—I am in love with your money.—Oh no! I've too great a soul! No! 'Tis your eyes! Your nose! Your lips! Your chin! Your—

Adel. My hands! My arms! My feet!—

Rum. Yes! Bopeep! Oh the little! In and out! Yes, I love you all together,

Adel. Certainly, But before I can answer, you must give me a proof of this violent love.

Rum. A proof?

Adel. You must answer me a few questions, without lying.

Rum. Oh lord! Lying! Fie! I never lie.

Adel. Not even when you spoke last—Look me in the face—Keep your countenance.—What is the subject

subject of the secret and frequent conversations with the Baron?

Rum. The—the—the Baron——

Adel. Look me in the face.

Rum. Baron Thorck?

Adel. Look me in the face, I tell you! Yes, Baron Thorck!

Rum. Oh, we, we talk.—

Adel. You talk?

Rum. Yes, yes; we, we talk.

Adel. Look at me, I tell you!—On what?

Rum. On all—all—all sorts of things; burials, and christenings, and religion, and politics, and—the price of bread.—Lord! We are old acquaintance!—We have always something to say—Why I, I was a kind of tutor in his father's family.

Adel. A tutor! Ha, ha, ha! A tutor?

Rum. Yes, a tutor—of the horses—Head groom—Tutors of horses and tutors of asses; why it's the same.

Adel. Ha, ha, ha! But, Mr. Rummer—Look at me—What did that sign which you made the Baron, behind my mistress's back, mean? Was that about religion, and politics, and the price of bread?

Rum. A sign! A sign! I don't remember.

Adel. Oh, but—Look this way—I insist upon it—You must remember—What did that sign mean?

Rum. Mean? Why why why the the the meaning's clear enough. A a a sign meant—a sign.

Adel. Good-bye, Mr. Rummer.

Rum. Nay, but why in such haste?

Adel. Let me go!

Rum. Patience a moment. I have something very serious to say.

Adel. Cannot.

Rum. Nay now, my pretty dear!

Adel. Cannot.

Rum. My lamb of barley sugar!

Adel. I'm deaf.

Rum. My angel, my treasure, my Nantz brandy!

Adel.

Adel. I'm dumb.

Rum. Nay but stay, stay—stay and I will tell you all.

Adel. Ah! Then indeed!—But mind—a'!—every thing you know.

Rum. Must I tell every thing?

Adel. Every individual thing.

Rum. Zounds! She has got me!—Well then, listen—(*Dumb sh-w.*)

Enter William.

Will. (*Aside.*) That confounded old fellow pursues a pretty girl as the hawk does the dove.—(*Suddenly puts his head between Adelaide and Rummer.*)
——Hem!

Rum. Hem again.

Will. You are agreeably entertained here!

Rum. What's that to you?—Is your master ready? How long must the coach wait? It has been at the door this hour.

Will. That's distressing. But my master don't want the coach.

Rum. No?

Will. No; my master is not going out.

Rum. Then he may stay at home.—(*To Adelaide.*)—I'll say more to you bye and bye.—(*Going.*)—Egad he came just in the nick, for all that! She had me fast!

[*Exit.*]

Will. Really now, my handsome neighbour, I think you ought to prefer a young man, like me, to that half-tamed bear, that barrel of foul vapours.

Adel. You, I have no doubt, Sir, think so, for you think well of yourself; but I should have been very glad if you had been less intruding.

Will. Why sure!

Adel. Very true— But, now you *are* here, pray tell me what business had Count Werling this morning with your master?

Will. Don't know.

Adel. Are they relations?

Will. Can't tell.

Adel.

Adel. You can't?

Will. No.

Adel. You are a very intelligent youth, and so your servant. *[Exit.]*

Will. Nay, but stay, stay—gone!—She always wants to know more than I know myself.—Who comes here? Why! Can it be? It is!—

Enter Henry.

Henry!

Hen. (*Stops short, looks, then runs into his arms.*) Why William! My dear William! Is it thee?

Will. Me my own self, my dear Henry! And art thou still alive and merry?

Hen. Alive, but not merry.

Will. Why indeed thou lookest as if thou livedst always in lent! as thin as slit stockfish!

Hen. Thin enough! So goes the world! Feast to-day, fast to-morrow! But what lucky chance led thee into this house? Who dost thou live with now?

Will. Hush! Mustn't tell!—First let me know what is become of the young gentleman, who eight years ago set out on his travels?

Hen. (*Half whimpering.*) Ah! my dear William!

Will. (*Alarmed.*) Is he dead!

Hen. No, ne—not dead, but very unfortunate—Look thee William, I'll venture to tell thee—he is poor and miserable!

Will. But where? Where is he! Where is he!

Hen. Why dost thou ask? His father is dead. Did he leave him any thing?

Will. Where is he?

Hen. He lives here.

Will. Here! What in this house?

Hen. Yes. I am still in his service—Ah! Didst thou know all we have suffered!

Will. Leap, jump, caper, dance, go mad! Your sufferings are all over.

Hen. Are there legacies?

Will. Talk not of legacies; his father is alive.

Hen. Alive!

Will.

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Will. Every inch of him! 'Tis true we spread a report of our death, that we might be allowed to live. We were in danger of wanting heads to put our nightcaps on; but, praise be to the powers that be, our enemies are overthrown! We shall soon shine out in all our glory! We have plenty of money, and we every moment expect to be called to court.

Hen. I shall sink!—(*Half crying, half laughing.*)—My poor master is a happy man! I must tell him instantly.

Will. The sooner the better! (*Runs to his master's door.*) My lord! My lord!

Hen. My lady! My lady!

(*Runs to Mrs. Dorville's door.*)

Will. My lord! My lord the Count! This way! Here! Here! Here!

Hen. Madam! My lady! Adelaide!

Enter Count Kolberg.

Count Kol. What means all this noise? Why do you call?

Will. I am a happy man! I mean your lordship is a happy man! He's found! He's found! News! News! Delightful news!

Count Kol. Are you frantic? Who?

Will. My young master! Your son!

Count Kol. My son!

Hen. Yes, my lord!

Count Kol. Henry! Is it thee? Where! Where is my son? Shew me!

Hen. He's not at home: but my lady is—(*Calling and running about.*)—Madam! My lady! Adelaide!

Count Kol. Married too!

Hen. Oh, yes, Sir—Adelaide! Adelaide!

Enter Adelaide.

Adel. Are you out of your wits, Henry!—(*Aside.*)—Don't you know this gentleman is the friend of Count Werling? Silence!

Hen. I don't care for that! I won't be silent! We are happy! Tell my lady the gentleman is here!

The

A COMEDY.

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The Count is here! Quick! My master's father!
He's alive! He's found!

Adel. His father!

Count *Kol.* Quick, show me to the lady! To my
daughter; and do thou, Henry, run to seek thy
master—But let it not be known that I am here; it
is a secret of danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Hotel.*

Enter Adelaide running out of Derville's apartment towards that of Count Kolberg.

Adelaide.

WILLIAM! William—Our joys are insupportable!—William! Where can he be?—Oh could my master be found!—William!

Will. (Without.) I'm coming! I'm coming!

Adel. Make haste!

Enter William.

Will. Here I am. This is a joyful day!

Adel. Oh yes! Go, go, go; your master wants you.

Will. Is he with your mistress still?

Adel. To be sure! Where should he be? Quick, quick! He is waiting for you! [*Exit William.*]

Enter Rummer.

Rum. Ah! Here you are! Where are you going? Why how you smile, and smirk, and——

Adel. Oh! I'm so happy, Mr. Rummer! We're all so happy!

Rum. But how, how? What, what? Humph? Hay?

Adel. The gentleman! The stranger! My Mistress! Myself! All! Every soul! You shall know all bye and bye—I can't stay at present—I was only coming to tell you the—the—the—my master's—that is—the strange gentleman dines with us!

Rum. Who! Master! Mistress! Self! Strange gentleman! Every soul! Why I believe you are every soul mad! William too! Just the same! Why what's it about? What does it mean?

Adel.

Adel. Go, go, go! Dispatch! Get dinner! You shall know all in good time! [*Exit running back.*]

Rum. Strange gentleman dines! Zounds!—One laughing, another crying, a third skipping, a fourth running! Very odd!

Enter William, running.

Whee hoo! Here's another flying post! Why hark you! Hark you! Mr. William! Why in such haste?

Will. Joy! Joy! Joy!

Rum. Well but, blood! What about, what about?

Will. Oh! I've no time to stand prating.

Rum. (*Holding him.*) But where are you running to?

Will. To Count Werling's.

Rum. (*Alarmed.*) Count Werling! Why, why—Count Werling! Hay? Humph? Hay?

Will. Yes, yes, yes! I tell you yes!

Rum. Well, well, but—Humph? Hay? Why, what were you doing in Mr. Dorville's apartment! Hay?

Will. Waiting on my master, to be sure.

Rum. Master! What there?

Will. Why Yes! Yes! Yes! I tell you once more yes! zounds! let me go!

[*Throws Rummer off and runs out.*]

Rum. Bedlam's broke loose!—The strange gentleman with Dorville! Dines there!—Sending for Count Werling! Humph! Hay! Zounds! There's something in the wind! If Dorville, and the stranger, and the Count, and his daughter, are all friends, I and the Baron may—Humph! Hey?

Enter the Baron.

Bar. What, in a reverie, Mr. Rummer?

Rum. Oh! Baron—Strangethings going forward.

Bar. How? Where? What?

Rum. Can't tell! I'm in a maze! For this half hour there has been such whispering, and running, and bustling, and bawling, and squawling, and laughing, and enquiring, and kissing, and crying! Can't get a word from any soul! Looks confounded suspicious!

E

Bar.

Bar. Oh, there is nothing to fear.

Rum. You think so, perhaps, because you have again thrown poor Mr. Dorville into prison.

Bar. Oh no; Dorville is at liberty. I changed my opinion; he is better at a distance; and that I might induce him to fly with all speed, and at the same time convince him of the *sincerity* of my friendship, I informed him that the Count knew he was in the city, shewed him the secret mandate that had been entrusted to me for his imprisonment, and convinced him that either danger and destruction or flight were inevitable. Ha, ha, ha! I promised to take his wife under my protection! And the buzzard thanked me! With tears in his eyes he thanked me! I said I would send her after him to Dresden, and supplied him with money for his flight; and thus have I for ever rid myself of a wretched rival! Here!—Here is a letter which will compleat the business! Will make his wife detest him! She will then listen to me; her father will apply to the King, her marriage will be annulled, and I, her happy husband, shall be the heir of the rich and potent Count Werling!

Rum. Why—If—

Bar. If! Pshaw! Here, take this letter, and deliver it to Mrs. Dorville.

Rum. I! Think what you are doing.

Bar. Humph! True; it would be asked who gave it you. I must employ an unknown messenger. But do you in the mean time watch what is going forward, and observe the effects produced by the letter. I'll be back within an hour. [Exit.]

Rum. Well, but, Sir! Baron!—He's gone, and I am just as wise as I was. An impostor is a dangerous kind of a trade—Affairs begin to look gloomy—I have my fear:—To be sure, he has promised me a hundred ducats—But then! Should I be discovered! 'Twere all over with me! Spandau! Chained to a wheelbarrow for life!—Could I but find out who this stranger is—*Looking towards Dorville's apartment)*

apartment) Zounds! Why can't a man see and hear through doors and walls?—(*Listening*) They seem to talk loud. Humph! Hay! Who knows? (*Looks through the keyhole*) There!—He tenderly takes her hand!—She weeps!—(*Turns his ear to the keyhole*) Humph!—Hay!—How!—His son!—Did I hear right?—'Sblood! If Dorville should be his son! (*Listens*) Ah, there's no hearing a word *she* says.

Enter William.

Will. How now! Listeners! (*Slaps Rummer on the shoulder*) Servant, Mr. Earwig!

Rum. Servant, Mr. Skipjack!

Enter Count Kolberg and Mrs. Dorville.

Will. Count Werling will be here in a moment, Sir.

Rum. The devil he will!

[*Runs off.*]

Mrs. Dor. My father! So soon.

Count Kol. Calm your fears, Madam. Retire for a moment. Be not taken by surprise.

Mrs. Dor. Dreadful trial!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Dorville and William.*]

Enter Count Werling.

Count Wer. Joy, my friend, joy! It's done! It's over! You are safe! Read, read! You are free!

Count Kol. (*Having glanced over the paper*) Can it be!—My wealth, my honour, all restored?

Count Wer. All, all your own!

Count Kol. My hopes are surpassed—What, Sir, shall I say?

Count Wer. Say? Zounds—Say—Say nothing—Have you heard any news of your son?

Count Kol. I have.

Count Wer. Well, but!—What!—You look blank—Where is he?

Count Kol. In this city, and under the most afflicting circumstances.

Count Wer. Poor youth! Why did he not make himself known to me?

Count Kol. You were supposed to be my bitter foe.

Count *Wer.* True—I had forgotten.

Count *Kol.* His misfortunes have been increased by his marriage with a lovely young lady of an illustrious family, whose father is exceedingly irritated by the match.

Count *Wer.* Absurd!—An illustrious!—Why what!—Is not yours an illustrious family?

Count *Kol.* I am not yet acquainted with the motives of the father's hatred; I am only informed that in his anger he would pursue them to destruction that he has abjured his child, and that he has suffered hunger, indigence, and shame, to overtake her.

Count *Wer.* Oh most abominable!—A father!—Who! Who is he?

Count *Kol.* He is one of my best, my dearest friends.

Count *Wer.* Your—Why you are mad!

Count *Kol.* One of the most generous of men—
(Count *Werling* *stares*.) Nay, no man is more intimate with him, or more in his own confidence than you are.

Count *Wer.* (*Raving*) I in his confidence! I!—I disclaim such a monster! But who is he? Who is he? This intimate of mine, this most generous of men, that abjures a starving child!

Count *Kol.* 'Tis—yourself.

Count *Wer.* (*After recovering from his astonishment*)
Sir!

Count *Kol.* Noble Count, once more on you the happiness of me, of my son, of all depends. Be yourself, confirm that happiness, and pardon your daughter.

Count *Wer.* Never!—Pardon?—Never!

Count *Kol.* She is an angel.

Count *Wer.* A viper!

Count *Kol.* The sweetest—

Count *Wer.* Her name is hateful!—Time was—
Ay, once—she was once the sweetest, mildest, tender—
—She is a scorpion! So gentle, so affectionate—A
basilisk

basilisk! —So obedient, so patient—I—Yes, I worshipped her—\ serpent!—But why talk of—why mention? How are you, how is your son interested in her wretched fate?

Count Kol. She is—his wife,

Count Wer. (*Stands amazed.*) Dorville —Dorville your son! (*Furaged.*)

Count Kol. He is.

Count Wer. (*Begins to traverse the stage in great agitation, muttering epithets and anger which he wishes, but is unable to repress, and stopping at intervals, during which Count Kolberg takes an opportunity to plead.*) The scoundrel—The rascal—The villain—(*Stops abruptly.*)—Your son!

Count Kol. My disgrace at Court obliged him to change his name. You knew him not as my son, not having seen him since he was very young before he went to college.

Count Wer. A wretch!—A reptile! The destroyer of my peace, the seducer of my daughter! A villain! An infame—Your son!

Count Kol. When you are calm, I will speak.

Count Wer. Calm!—A traitor!—But—say on—Defend your—your—your son, your son, your son, —let us hear—A vile——

Count Kol. He is rather unfortunate than guilty.

Count Wer. Ay, ay, the common plea of fools and scound——

Count Kol. He meant from you to have asked your daughter's hand, but he saw her on the very eve of being forced to marry another——You he supposed my irreconcilable foe; dangers, despair, and passion increased; their love was mutual, and they fled.

Count Wer. The guilty dues of disobedience and black ingratitude be their reward!

Count Kol. Wretchedness, deep distress, and bitter repentance, have followed—But the daughter never for a moment ceased to love and respect her father.

Count *Wer.* Ha, ha, ha! Respect! Love! Ha, ha, ha!—Sir—when you have read the letters—the insolent letters—written to me by your son—your—your *amiable* son—you then shall judge between the father and his child.

Count *Kol.* Letters—and insolent!—Are you sure they are his?

Count *Wer.* Of what should I doubt? Do I not know his hand?

Count *Kol.* To him I leave his own justification. If he have acted unworthy of my son and your daughter, my contempt shall follow yours—But for your unfortunate Clarissa—

Count *Wer.* I renounce, I reject, I despise her—Were she at my feet I would spurn—

Count *Kol.* What! Your child! Not hear, not pity a repenting daughter!

Count *Wer.* My ears are shut—My heart is flint—My eyes are rock—I doated on her! Yes doated! (*Begins to weep.*)—But its all over! All over! All over! For ever—

Count *Kol.* Can you resolve not to see her?

Count *Wer.* Firmly—But what does all this tend to? What does it mean? 'Tis scarcely an hour since you knew not a word either of my daughter or your own son, and now you talk as if you had lived with them all your life.

Count *Kol.* I own 'tis singular and sudden. In that chamber is a lady as unfortunate and as virtuous as your Clarissa.

Count *Wer.* There! In that chamber? (*Offering to go; Count Kolberg detains him.*)

Count *Kol.* I request, I conjure you to hear, to interrogate this lady!

Count *Wer.* Here's some trick! A plot upon me! Take care what you are doing! Beware of me! I'm a dangerous man! A damned dangerous—A lion! A tyger! Beware!

Count *Kol.* I have promised for you. My word, your own peace of mind, and the cause of truth,
are

are pledged, that you should hear, before you finally condemn.

Count *Wer.* Not a word—I'm deaf, determined—

Count *Kol.* Are you indeed so inflexible?

Count *Wer.* As adamant.

Count *Kol.* Then, Sir—take back the benefits you have conferred. I would rather support poverty, imprisonment, nay disgrace itself, with my children, than live loaded with riches and honours, and see them despised and wretched outcasts.

Count *Wer.* Why, would you?—Damn it, that—that's great!—That's great!—Won't forsake the distressed! He's a noble fellow himself, and won't believe his son can be such a rascal—But no—no, no, no, no—He has not been disobeyed, he has not been injured and insulted like me.

Count *Kol.* Think again—Be just.

Count *Wer.* Zounds! You're a——a strange man—No saying will serve.

Count *Kol.* Hear the lady.

Count *Wer.* What lady?—Beware!—I say beware—I tell you again I am a tyger—a tyger let loose—

Count *Kol.* You are—a father—I know your heart is at this moment alive to all the best, the noblest emotions—I will bring her. [Exit.

Count *Wer.* Count!—My lord!—How my heart beats—What lady? What does he mean!—Should my daughter dare to appear I'll trample on her—'Tis five years and upwards since I saw her—The day, the very day on which she eloped, she fell on her knees and conjured me never to curse her—Astonished as I was, she made me pledge my honour never to curse her—And I've kept my word—I never have—No—I've never cursed her.

Re-enter Count Kolberg, conducting Mrs. Dorville.

Mrs. *Dor.* (Runs and falls at the feet of Count Werling.) My father!

Count *Wer.* (Struggling with his passions.) What—What have you done, Sir.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dor. My father!

Count Wer. Child!—Clarissa!—

Mrs. Dor. My dear, dear father!

Count Wer. Clarissa!—Clarissa!—My only child!
—Rise!—Rise!—I, I, I—forgive thee?

Mrs. Dor. Let me die at your feet!

Count Wer. Rise child!—Rise—I forgive thee—
I forgive thee!—I cannot help it—I must forgive
thee—I will forget that thou hast insulted, hast de-
spised thy father!

Mrs. Dor. Insulted!—Despised my father! Oh!
Do not kill me, Sir!

Count Wer. Recover thyself—Dry thy tears—I for-
give thee—I love thee—In my soul I love thee—Thou
dost not deserve such a father—I forgive thee—[To
C. Kolberg.]—I did not know, my friend, how sweet
it is to forgive!—Wert thou not my child, my
Clarissa, I could almost wish all the ill I have heard
of thee were true, that I might have much, very
much to pardon.

Count Kol. Ah, Sir! Now, while your heart is
open to compassion, remember my son!

Count Wer. He has wronged—

Mrs. Dor. He is my husband!

Count Wer. Well, child! Well, Clarissa! For
thy sake then—

Mrs. Dor. My kind, my dear father!

Count Kol. My friend!

Count Wer. (*Taking them each by the hand.*) A
child! And a friend! Well, he shall be my son!—
But to you, Count, henceforth will I look for his
conduct.

*Enter a servant with a letter, who stands and is
embarrassed at seeing Count Werling.*

How now! Who are you?

Ser. Sir, my Lord, I, I—(*Going.*)

Count Wer. Stay! Who are you? What letter
is that?

Ser. A, a, a letter, for that lady.

Mrs. Dor. For me! From whom?

Ser.

Ser. —F—F—F—From—Mr. Dorville.

Count Kol. Deliver it!—(*Servant delivers the letter, and runs off.*)—From my son!

Count Wer. Read it, Clarissa—I suppose he informs thee—Do not be alarmed!—that he is in prison.—Would my kinsman the Baron were here, to obtain an order instantly for his release! The good Baron little suspects what has happened—Child!—Clarissa!—What!—What is the matter?

Mrs. Dor. Oh! Miserable woman!

[*Lets fall the letter.*

Count Kol. (*Alarmed, takes up the letter.*) Hum—
—Heavens!—(*Reads aloud.*) “Madam—Misfortune incessantly pursues me. You have not sufficient strength and fortitude to support my sufferings—Here therefore all ties between us end.”

Count Wer. How!

Count Kol. This from my son! (*reads*) “Be reconciled to your father. Let us forget each other”——Villain!

Count Wer. Go on, Sir!

Count Kol. (*reads*) “I here sign my consent to our divorce, which, perhaps, you long have desired, and which your father can instantly, by shewing this, procure from the King—Baron Thorck is our common friend, and the last favour I have to ask is, that you should give him the hand which I for ever renounce. From this time, never expect to see me more.”

Count Wer. You hear how I have wronged him!—You hear! 'Tis his hand! I know it well!

Count Kol. Where is the man who brought this letter?

Count Wer. The fellow stammered, and was eager to be gone.

Mrs. Dor. Oh! My father! [*Falling on his shoulder.*

Count Wer. My poor Clarissa!

Count Kol. My son! Mine! Write thus?

Count Wer. Well, well,—Complaints are no cures—Messengers shall be every where dispatched, in pursuit

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purfuit, with the utmost speed—He cannot escape!
—All shall yet be well, my child!

Mrs. Dor. (*In the tone of fixed despair.*) Ye! Yes!
All shall be well (*Bursting.*) Have I! Have I
deserved this, Dorville!

Count Wer. Recover thyself, Clarissa? Retire to
thy chamber! Fear not—Trust to the active affection
of a father—*Exeunt Mrs. Dorville and Count Kol-*
berg.) Perfidious wretch! Seduce, elope with, and
then abandon my child! [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *continues.*

Rummer and Stephen.

Rummer (*entering*)

WATCH with all your eyes and ears! The moment you see the Baron, run and tell me!—But don't say a word to him of what has passed—Do you mind me, Sirrah?

Steph. Yes.

[*Exit.*

Rum. I begin to be confoundedly frightened—The Count has taken all my horses, and all his own, and all he could get—Should Dorville be brought back, it's all over with me! The receiver is as bad as the thief! (*Reflects*) What if I—Humph! Hay!—Gad! That's the safest! I'll tell all!—What's the Baron to me?—Beside he must be found out—The hundred ducats, indeed!—But, who knows? Perhaps I may be better paid by t'other party! (*Peeps into Count Kolberg's apartment*) Nobody there—Humph! Hay!—I suppose he is with his daughter-in-law (*Calls in an under voice*) My Lord!—My good Lord!—This stranger seems less hasty than the passionate Count Werling—My Lord!

Enter Count Kolberg.

Count Kol. Your good pleasure, Sir?

Rum. I—I—I have some rare news, my Lord—But we must speak low, an your honour pleases—your honour—Secrets!

Count Kol. (*Interestedly*) What Secrets? Speak!

Rum.

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Rum. To be sure, my Lord—I—I have my fears—for a good landlord, as your honour knows, is in duty bound to keep his tongue within his teeth—and so—

Enter Count Werling and Footman.

Count Wer. Joy! Joy! My friend! He is recovered!

Count Kol. My son?

Count Wer. Yes, Yes—we have him, safe!—But where is my kinsman? Where is the Baron?

Foot. I don't know, Sir.

Count Wer. Go, seek him; tell him I want him instantly.

Foot. Where must I seek, my Lord?

Count Wer. Every where—thro' the whole city—Tell him I am waiting for him here.

Foot. Yes, my Lord.

Count Wer. Did you give orders that Dorville was to be brought to this Hotel?

Foot. Yes, my Lord.

Count Wer. And that no answer should be given to any of his questions?

Foot. Yes, my Lord.

Count Wer. And did you leave them far behind?

Foot. They will be here in about half an hour, my Lord!

Count Wer. How did he behave when you came up with him?

Foot. At first he courageously defended himself; but, being overpowered by numbers, he delivered up his sword.

Count Wer. Go; seek my kinsman.

[Exit Footman.]

Count Kol. This man has a secret, as he says, to reveal.

Count Wer. Who! You, Sir? Well! What is your secret!

Rum. 'Tis a secret, My Lord—! A secret—! But then I shall lose a hundred—I, I mean to say,

two

two hundred ducats, by telling it—And your Lordship knows times are hard! Very hard!

Count *Wer.* Why fellow, yours is a dear secret indeed!

Rum. Oh my Lord!—Your honour—I can assure you, on the faith of an honest man, you will think it cheap—And if your Lordship will but have the generosity—

Count *Kol.* Depend on my word. You shall be no loser.

Rum. Oh Sir!—But—If—If you—you should happen to think I—I had been concerned in what to be sure is but a sort of a rogue's trick.—

Count *Wer.* Ah! Knave!

Count *Kol.* Speak—You shall be pardoned.

Rum. Oh! Your noble honour!—That is, your Lordship, a—two hundred ducats, and my pardon?

Count *Wer.* I am out of patience!

Rum. Not so loud, an your Lordship pleases!

Count *Wer.* Speak? Damned Babbler!

Rum. Oh Lord! Your Lordship's honour, not so loud!—Your Lordship knows, Mrs. Dorville has just received a letter—

Count *Wer.* Well!

Count *Kol.* Quick!

Rum. That—That letter was not written by Mr. Dorville.

Count *Kol.* I knew 'twas impossible!

Rum. Oh no!

Count *Wer.* Where (*Rummaging*) Where is it?—Oh! Here—Is not this Dorville's hand?

Rum. Humph! 'Tis very like—But there are people who can write so like other people.

Count *Kol.* I begin to breathe!—Go on.

Rum. I must in confidence inform you—your honour—That Baron Thorek has, as a man may say, that happy gift.

Count *Wer.* My kinsman!

Rum (*Aside*) I find I must e'en tell all!—His honour the Baron shewed Mr. Dorville the Man-

date for his imprisonment—and so—persuaded him to fly.

Count *Wer.* But why? To what end!

Rum. Why, my Lord, your Lordship must know, 'tis now two months and a day, that Mr. and Mrs. Dorville have been in my house—'tis honour the Baron brought 'em here.

Count *Wer.* He!

Rum. And told me he was the sworn enemy of the husband.

Count *Wer.* Told you! This fellow is a rascal!

[To Count Kolberg,

Count *Kol.* Hear.

Rum. And promised me a hund—two hundred Ducats, if I would but help him in the plot.

Count *Wer.* Scoundrel! Lyar! You!

Count *Kol.* Nay, but hear.

Rum. What your Lordship please—your honour—But an you will please to recollect, his honour the Baron was in love with the young lady, your daughter, before Mr. Dorville carried her off, and was enraged; but he concealed his hatred, and professed himself their friend. So he persuaded Mr. Dorville to address all his letters to him, under cover; so he copied, and imitated, and sent your Lordship false letters, insolent and—and—

Count *Wer.* Can there be such a villain!—(Suddenly searching for the letters and examining.)—"Baron "Thorck is our common friend, and the um, um, "um, the hand which I renounce."—Does the Baron still love my daughter?

Rum. My Lord, he loves your Lordship's estate, and was afraid it was not quite secure.

Count *Wer.* 'Tis palpable! The friend—How did that passage escape me!—Their common friend?—The demon!—Acting with me as he did!—Yet—I will examine—How, wretch, came you acquainted with all this?

Rum. My Lord—the two hundred ducats!

Count

Count *Kol.* That the Baron should confide his secrets to such a person is indeed strange!

Count *Wer.* Nay, villains cannot act without their accomplices.

Rum. Lord! Your honour, the Baron and I are very old acquaintance. My Lord here knows I was his father's groom: I afterward lived with his honour, the Baron, and we have been very good friends ever since.

Count *Wer.* Rascal!—We'll talk farther—If thou hast told me a single lie, I'll have thee hanged like a dog.

Rum. Oh your noble Lordship—your honour!—You see I might have had two hundred ducats—But no!—I'm none such! Honesty's the best policy—That's my maxim.

Enter Stephen.

Steph. (*To Rummer.*) The Baron is below.

Count *Wer.* Bid him come up.

Count *Kol.* If you wish him to avow the truth, you must employ stratagem.

Count *Wer.* I know not how to dissemble with such a villain.

Count *Kol.* 'Tis necessary.

Count *Wer.* Well! I'll try.

Count *Kol.* I will first inform Mrs. Dorville of the happy news, then fly to meet my son. [*Exit.*

Rum. He's coming, your honour.

Count *Wer.* I perceive your fears, rascal!—But be within call at your peril!—Do you hear!—At your peril.

Rum. Yes, your honour.

[*Retires.*

Enter Baron Thorck—He starts at seeing the Count, who turns aside every time he hears, carefully to conceal the workings of passion.

Count *Wer.* Hem! Well met, kinsman! What brings you here so often?

Bar. I—I—I come to visit one of my friends, who has lodged here for some time.

Count *Wer.* Nay, nay, kinsman—Hem! Don't be suspicious of me! Be open, unreserved—Do you know that Dorville is fled?

Bar. Can it be? Fled!

Count *Wer.* Hem! We have received a letter.

Bar. (Aside.) We!—(*Aloud.*) Is he gone?

Count *Wer.* Yes, yes; but we'll soon bring him back——Hem!

Bar. (Aside.) Destruction!——(*Aloud.*) My Lord, if my advice might be heard——

Count *Wer.* If, kinsman? You know it always has been.

Bar. Then he should be suffered to fly; left to his fate, which is indeed wretched enough.

Count *Wer.* Well—But—my daughter—I have seen her, and must own I pity her.

Bar. Hem! Ha—Has—your Lordship seen Mrs. Dorville? [*In great anxiety.*]

Count *Wer.* Yes—but don't be alarmed at that—'Tis my determination, which the whole world cannot shake, that your deserts shall be rewarded——Hem! Hem! Hem!

Bar. (Deceived.) My kind, my noble kinsman!

Count *W.* Fortune is in your own power—I have pardoned my daughter, have examined her heart, and, if I'm not mistaken—she has—certain views—certain thoughts, of you——Hem!

Bar. (with inward pleasure.) Of me! Oh my noble kinsman!

Count *Wer.* Yes. I too have my projects—But first I would know your sentiments—Speak frankly—Do you feel any inclination for my girl?

Bar. I!—Oh!—That is——(*Checking herself.*)

Count *Wer.* Yes, or no?

Bar. Why—indeed—my Lord—if she were not married, I should esteem myself the happiest——

Count *Wer.* That's enough——Hem——That's enough——Dorville has, under his own hand, renounced her: a divorce may easily be obtained; and you

you know, kinsman, I have always proposed you as my successor—Hem!

Bar. (In suspense) My Lord!—My noble kinsman? I—I—

Count Wer. You are amazed, I see—And, to own the truth, so am I—I cannot conceive how Dorville, acknowledging you to be his friend, should thus readily cede my daughter, and his wife.

Bar. I—my lord—I—I think it almost incredible, indeed!

Count Wer. (Shewing the letter) You see here what he writes—But—Humph!—Kinsman—I think there is a kind of—of similarity, between this hand writing and yours—

Bar. (Aside.) Sdeath!

Count Wer. Nay, to say the truth, a very singular, a very striking one!

Bar. To, to, to, mine?—Let me see?—Humph! It is indeed very strange!

Count Wer. Exceedingly—Hem! (*Emphatically.*) Between ourselves, kinsman, I really should not be sorry, were you to own that you had written this letter yourself—Hem!

Bar. I, my lord!

Count Wer. I wish not to hear, of acts of generosity from such a wretch as the supposed author of this letter—Hem! Be frank, confess it is yours.

Bar. My kind, my noble kinsman!

Count Wer. Why this hesitation? Why this trifling? Come, speak candidly—If you wrote it, I have an ocular proof of your friendship for my daughter.

Bar. Oh, my noble kinsman!—(*Aside.*) Should he but speak as he thinks!—(*Excavatingly agitated and undetermined.*)

Count Wer. Have you written it, or have you not?

Bar. (Aside.) What shall I say? (*Aloud.*) My lord, I—I—My noble kinsman!

Count

Count *Wer.* (*Aside impatiently.*) Oh damn his noble kinsman!—Well, well, since you'll not own it—I know how I have to act.

Bar. I hope my noble kinsman is not angry?

Count *Wer.* How can I be patient, and see your simplicity?—Hem!—I have a hundred times asked whether you have or have not written the letter, have as often told you I should be glad to find you had, and yet you will neither say yes nor no.

Bar. (*Aside.*) He is serious! He speaks as he means!—(*Aloud.*) Forgive me, my noble kinsman, but, since—you insist upon it—(*Pauses.*)

Count *Wer.* I insist upon the truth—Have you written the letter?

Bar. I!—

Count *Wer.* (*Impatiently.*) Once again, yes, or no!

Bar. I must open my whole heart to so generous a patron!—The—the—Ye—The letter is mine.

Count *Wer.* Hem! Hem! Hem!

Bar. My motives I hope were excusable.

Count *Wer.* (*Aside.*) The rascal! (*Aloud.*) Well, well! This confession gives me pleasure—Great, inexpressible pleasure!—Yet—(*Examines the letter.*)—Humph!—I protest I—I could almost swear—that this letter, and all those which I have received from Dorville, are—in the same hand.

Bar. (*Aside; petrified.*) I'm undone!

Count *Wer.* But, what if they were?

Bar. (*Trembling.*) My noble kinsman!—(*Aside.*) I'm ruined!

Count *Wer.* It was your friendship for my daughter. Ought I not to be pleased with the motive?—You did but use artifice to prevent my child and my estates from passing into the power of a villain.—Hem! Hem! 'Twas like a kinsman!—Yes, yes; either you have written all the letters, or have not written this.

Bar. (*Aside.*) Tormenting perplexity?—To—to own

own the truth my—my right noble kinsman—This—this letter—is—not mine.

Count *Wer.* Scoundrel! (*Aloud.*) I am sorry to hear it—Then I find you do not love my daughter!

Bar. (*Ardently.*) Yes—N—N—no—But—That is—

Count *Wer.* You stifle and confound my hopes, kinsman—Hem! I own it was once my intention to have given you my daughter in preference to all men; but I see I'm deceived—Had all been as I thought, I should most gladly have chosen you for my son and heir—I'm sorry, kinsman, but—

Bar. (*Aside*) I must hesitate no longer—My Lord—

Count *Wer.* Compleat my joy—speak the truth; for, should Dorville return, and return he must, it cannot be concealed.

Bar. (*Aside.*) 'Tis true!

Count *Wer.* Well?

Bar. (*At first hesitating, but rising to hope, and at last to rapture, correspondent to the rapidity and ardour of the answers of the Count.*) May I—May I be certain?

Count *Wer.* Of what?

Bar. That my right noble kinsman—really wishes—I should have written these letters?

Count *Wer.* Vehemently!

Bar. And that he will kindly conjecture—the true motives of my conduct?

Count *Wer.* Don't fear!—Don't fear!

Bar. That my extreme affection for—

Count *Wer.* (*Instantly*) Yes!—Yes!—Your extreme affection for—I'm convinced of it! Upon my honour (*Striking his breast with both hands*) I am convinced of it!

Bar. And I may boldly hope?—

Count *Wer.* All! Every thing! I wish you so to do.

Bar. Then—

Count

Count *Wer.* Speak! The letters are your own?

Bar. They are!—All!—All mine, my generous noble kinsman; and I am now the happiest—

Count *Wer.* (*Seizing his arm, and fixing his eye—*
Silence of terror) The most abominable of villains!

Bar. My—My—My noble Lord—and—kinsman—

Count *Wer.* Wretch!—Who's there?

Enter Adélaïde.

Adé. Did you call, Sir?

Count *Wer.* My girl! My child! Where is my child?

Adé. Here she comes, Sir—She is totally recovered by the good news she has heard.

Enter Mrs. Dorville.

Mrs. Dor. Oh, Sir!

Count *Wer.* (*Excitedly moved*) Clarissa!—My poor Clarissa!

Mrs. Dor. Are you at last convinced of our innocence, Sir?

Count *Wer.* My lamb!—My suffering lamb!—Seest thou, Clarissa, seest thou that—that—that—that fiend!—His own lips have confessed his villainy!

Bar. Perdition!

Count *Wer.* Whips! Stings! Scorpions?

Bar. My noble kinsman—

Count *Wer.* Off! Basilisk! Away to your friend, your worthy accomplice, Mr. Rummer—Begone, execrable hypocrite! [*Exit Baron.*]

Enter Henry, followed by Count Kolberg, Dorville, William, and several servants of Count Werling.

Hen. Here he is, Madam! Here's my master!

Mrs. Dor. (*Rushing to meet him.*) My Dorville! My husband!

Dor. Clarissa!

Hen. Oh they're a happy couple.

Dor. (*Turning, sees Count Werling*) My Lord! [*Kneels.*]

Count *Wer.* Rise, my son.

Dor. I have wronged you! I stole your daughter, disturbed your peace!

Count

Count *Wer.* Rise! Rise! My daughter is yours—

Hen. They're a happy couple!

Dor. Oh, *Clarissa!* My Lord! My father! (*Turning to each.*) My heart overflows!

Hen. They're a happy couple!

Mrs. Dor. And could you have forsaken me, *Dorville!*—Could you!

Dor. Never! My flight was directed toward *Dresden?* to that city the perfidious Baron promised to send you.

Count *Kol.* We have all suffered; 'tis time we now should enjoy.

Count *Wer.* The faithful shall be rewarded.

[*Looking to William and Henry.*

Mrs. Dor. Yes, my *Adelaide!* [*Taking her hand.*

Count *Wer.* And the guilty punished.

Count *Kol.* Punished they are already—Villany is its own scourge!—and remember, my Lord—'Tis your own maxim,—The sweetest of pleasures is to pardon.

Hen. (*As the curtain drops*) They're a happy couple. [*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. RYDER, and Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Enter M^cCarnock and an Actress.

M^cCarnock.

BUT what wad ye have, Muidam? What can I do?
I have not a line an ye'd geve me Peru!
For Epilogue-writing I have not the knack—

As. I doubt, Sir, your Pegasus is but a hack.

M^cCar. Why, troth! I've been spurring in vain
for this week.

Ah! Could I but write half as well as ye speak! [*Bows.*
But no! Not a theme can I find for the muse!

As. Pshaw! Lord, Sir! Five hundred! You have
but to choose! [*With great volubility.*

The serious, the solemn, the pleasant, the witty,
Election, stockjobbing, court, country, or city;
The Austrians, the Spaniards, the Turks, or the
Russians,

The manning of fleets, or the marching of Prussians;
The rights of the people, the wrongs of the nation,
Brussels, Botany Bay, or the French Federation.

M^cCar. Ye've glanc'd at a topic, which wad ye
pursue—Change Alley—

As. Lame ducks? Oh, I have them in view.
The uproar's begun! Hark! Ineffable din!

[*Changing to the cant of the different speakers.*

"Five Eights, Long Annuities!"—"Here!" "Who
buys in?"

"Bank Stock"—"Navy Bills"—"Irish Tickets at
four!"

"I'll do them at three"—"Well, how many!—
Five score."

Pale, panting, and breathless, lo! here comes a
bull!

Of lies ready coin'd, with his mouth brimming full!
"Sugar

E P I L O G U E.

"Sugar Islands!"—"What?"—"Taken!"—"All?"
—"News came to day!"

"Sure?"—"Certain!"—"Thank Heaven! Rare tid-
ings Hurray!"

The hubbub increases, post haste enter Bear!
His face is the picture of rage and despair!
Fast round him they flock!—"Hey?"—"The Mes-
senger!"—"Well?"

"We're ruin'd!"—"How?"—"Peace!"—"Peace!"
"Flames! Fury! And Hell!"

McCarnock (In raptures at her singing.)

Ah! Maidam, ye ken them! The reptiles! They'd
dance

At the ruin of England, the slavery of France!
Or all that plague, pestilence, famine present,
So they could but make half a quarter per cent!

Yas, peace now comes smiling the nations to bless;
The horrors and ruins of war to repress!

By philanthropy taught to forget and forgive,
Like brothers mankind shall continue to live;
The jealous precautions of tyranny cease,
And freedom, and courage, and virtue increase:
While reason and firmness our conquest award,
And justice secures us more praise than the sword!

Wal, ye're in the city, an ye wad but stay
To the feast and the dance——

Abress. Oh! Ay! Lord Mayor's day!
Where Deputy Dripping the dinner adorns,
And opens the ball to a full band of horns!
His wife fresh from Margate, from raffling and
dipping,

Applauds as he puffs—"There! Well said Deppy
"Dripping!"

"I woa to my God he's as light as a feather!
"How he and Miss Marrowfat hop up together!
"O'm now grown quite copul'nt, else you should see,
"For all he's so *lissum*, he's nothing to me!
I moves with a grace, and a swim, and a fall!
And I makes the best *curtsee* that's made in the hall!

McCarnock.

EPILOGUE.

M^r Carnock. Brava, madam! Gude troth! Ye're
a whimsical elf,

I thought ye had been Mrs. Dripping herself.
Ah! Wad ye but speak half a word in my favour,
'Twould save me!

Affres. Indeed! Well, I'll do my endeavour.

[*M^r Carnock gesticulates, but without buffoonery.*]

On woe-begone author, in woe-begone ditty,
Look, ladies and gentlemen, look and have pity!
His brain quite exhausted, his pockets the same,
Condemned to exist on the thin breath of fame,
Should you from compassion join hands in his cause,
He may live for a year on a first night's applause.

